

THE CHRONICLE

VOL. IV. NO. 8.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1911.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.



A FRIEND

In time of need is a friend indeed. Then why not be warm and comfortable during the winter months? Is a question to be answered by all. Our Fine Selection of Good Coal is Your only True Winter's Friend. It can be used in the Furnace, Heater, or Cook Stove, or the warm Fire-side. Prices Reasonable.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

Mr. FARMER ::::: And RANCHER

Have you plenty of water in your well? If not, when in town call at our office and we will tell you how to overcome the difficulty.

We have a full line of

Pumps, Windmills, Gasoline Engines, Piping, pipe fittings, etc. All of the best to be had. The Fairbanks Morse Goods are Standard all over the world and their prices are right.

Their Tractor is Second to None

Call and talk over the situation. Costs you nothing at

McK Y BROS.,

Crossfield.

Cheap Lumber

NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO HAUL YOUR LUMBER

We Have
A good road to our mill and can supply you with everything you require for building purposes. Prices range from \$8.00 to \$24.00 per M.

TERMS CASH

Wagon Boxes made to order at a low figure

FREE STABLES AND BUNK HOUSE

The Silver Creek Lumber Co.

CREMONA,

ALTA.

EMIL WEGENER

Agent for

Massey-Harris
Farm Implements

Agent for Gray Carriage Co.

Chatham Fanning Mills.

M. Rumley, Co. Engine.

CROSSFIELD, ALTA.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!
MONEY TO LOAN.THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO LOAN IN
CROSSFIELD DISTRICT

LOWEST RATES. NO DELAY.

MURTON REALTY CO.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Has your subscription expired?
Geo. R. Matthews of Calgary was in town on Tuesday last.

S. J. Clarke of Winnipeg visited our flourishing burg on Monday.

Jas. Cutcheson of the city of Edmonton was a visitor to our burg on Monday.

As Crossfield is becoming known as the centre of one of the best agricultural districts in Alberta, eastern capitalists are anxious to loan money on lands here, through the Murton Realty Co.

W. L. Bowhey of Red Deer was registered at the Alberta Hotel on Monday.

R. Burns of Calgary was in our thriving little burg on Monday last.

Messrs. J. Prget, G. Ferrier, W. Padgett and F. Griffin of Calgary were in our city on Monday.

A. B. Ruddy of New York, the big city, was a visitor to our city on Monday.

Farmers get their buildings insured in the Wanawassa Mutual Fire Insurance Co. It is both economical and safe. \$1.10 per hundred for three years. Hultgren & Davis, Agents.

Mr. T. E. West of Vancouver was registered at the Alberta Hotel on Monday.

Mr. J. B. Stone of Carstairs, visited our village on Friday last.

The Kenney-Harvey Entertainers were registered at the Alberta Hotel on Saturday last.

Walsh Bros., the butchers, shipped a large consignment of dressed beef and pork to Calgary on Monday.

The hay dealers seem to be very busy these days taking in and shipping out large consignments of hay.

Jack Hehn's from across the Rose Bud, brought in a load of hay on Tuesday, that weighed 8,630 lbs. This load was weighed on J. S. Martin's City Scales.

D. G. Harvie will go to Edmonton on Monday morning, (coming) to represent the "Crossfield Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 42," to be held there on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

Mr. John Lennon reports that his little daughter, who is sick in the hospital, is as yet, not so very well; but is improving very much, under the circumstances.

P. A. Wintermont of Calgary was in our village on Wednesday last.

T. J. Spafford of Toronto, Ontario visited our city on Wednesday.

Chas. H. Baker of MacLeod was registered at the Alberta Hotel on Tuesday.

STRAYED—Into the premises of Sec. 1, T. 27, R. 2, West of 6th meridian. One bay gelding, white strip on forehead. Three or four years old, branded square, with figure eight in centre of square, on left shoulder. Wm. Walters, Airdrie, Alta.

\$200,000

To Advance
ON IMPROVED FARMS

This money must be placed by

APRIL 1st.

Our loans are conducted with the strictest privacy least possible delay and lowest cost

HAYS BROS. Agents
Real Estate Dealers

Phone 16. Carstairs, Alberta

SHOE REPAIRING

MR. H. E. HOPCRAFT wishes to announce to the General Public that he has opened up a Shoe Repairing Shop, West of P. C. Cowling's Livery Barn

BRING YOUR OLD SHOES, and have them REPAIRED

TERMS STRICTLY CASH

H. E. HOPCRAFT

West of Cowling's Livery Barn

THE ARCADE

POOL HALL and CIGAR STORE

Is now under New Management by W. TIMS, late of the
FARMERS MEAT MARKET

Come in and spend a pleasant hour
and try our Cigars and Soft Drinks.
Latest and best Magazines always
kept in stock. Best of Music always
on the go.

W. TIMS,

Prop.

Crossfield,

Alberta

THE FOUR FINGERS

By FRED M. WHITE,

Author of

The Crimson Blind: The Cardinal
Moth: The Weight of the Crown
The Devil's Hand: The Slave of
Silence: Craven Fortune: The
Fatal Dose: Netta.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

In The Lift.

Gurdon looked out from the shelter of the great portico to see the sheets of rain, roaring down the passageway. Nodding to the steady plash of the raindrops as they rained on the pavements. A nail moment getting wet, still Gurdon, who was rufusly regarding his thin slippers and his light dust overcoat. Half dozen times did the night rain blow his whistle, but he could not be seen.

"We shan't get one to-night," Venner said. "They are all engaged. There is only one thing to do, and that is to take a room here and stay till the morning. I've no doubt I can fit you up in the way of pyjamas and all the rest of it."

He had been told in readily enough with the suggestion. Indeed, there was nothing else for it. Gurdon took his number and key from the sleepy clerk and off he went in his way up stairs to Venner's bedroom.

"I'll just have one cigarette before I turn in," he said. "It seems as if you had ordered it that I am to keep in close touch with the leading characters of the mystery. By the way, we never took the trouble to find out who the handsome cripple was."

"That is very easily done in the morning," Venner replied. "I have no doubt you will be able to get sight of him. Besides, he has doubtless been here before, for, if you will recollect, while attending to him to find out who he was, I never entered before hand. And now, if you don't mind, I'll turn in—not that I expect to sleep much after an exciting night like this. Good night, old fellow."

Gurdon went out to his own room, where he slowly undressed and sat down on the whole thing on the edge of his bed. Perhaps he was suffering from the same suppressed excitement which at that moment possessed Venner. Whether for or not he had the slightest disposition to turn in. Usually he was a sound sleeper; but this night seemed likely to prove the rule.

An hour passed, and Gurdon was still sitting there, asking himself whether he would not be able to go to bed and compel sleep to come to him. Impatiently he flicked out his light and laid his head resolutely on the pillow.

But it was all in vain—sleep was out of the question. The room was not altogether in darkness, either; for the keepers of the hotel had seen that he had been arranged back to back with a large open ventilator between them. Through this ventilator came a stream of light, which came from the adjoining room but not yet retired. The light worried Gurdon; he asked himself irritably why he had not been able to be protected in his bed in this way. A moment or two later the sound of suppressed voices came through the ventilator, followed by the noise of a hand.

At any ordinary time Gurdon would have thought nothing of this, but his imagination was afraid now; his mind was full of dark thoughts. It seemed to him that something sinister and underhand was going on in the next room.

Usually no one would identify the Grand Empire Hotel with crime and intrigue; but that did not deter Gurdon from rising from his bed and making his way down to the entrance through the ventilator into the adjoining room. It was not an easy matter, but by dint of balancing two chairs, he got to the other side of the thing was accomplished.

Very cautiously Gurdon pushed back the glass slide and looked through. So far as he could see, nothing was there to justify any suspicion. The room was absolutely empty, though it was brilliantly lighted; and for a moment Gurdon remained silent, listening, and turned away, half determined to try and sleep. It was at that instant that he noticed something out of the common.

To Gurdon's quickened ear there came a sound unmistakably like a snore, and pushing his body through the ventilator he crept forward to the glass slide in the next room. On it lay the body of a boy in uniform, unmistakably a messenger boy, hotel attendant of some sort. For Gurdon could see the hotel name embroidered in gold letters on his collar.

Perhaps the boy was nothing so very mysterious in the except that the lad was lying on the bed fully dressed, even in his boots. It was a luxurious room, but all the class of room to which the hotel management would relegated one of their messenger boys, nor was it possible that the lad had had the temerity to get into it.

"Something wrong here," Gurdon muttered. "Hang me if I don't get through the ventilator, and see what

it is."

It was no difficult matter for an athlete like Gurdon to push his way through and step out on the floor of the smothering lad without reward. The boy seemed to be plunged in a sleep almost like death. As Gurdon stood over him, he noticed on the other side of the lad's collar the single word "Lift." It began to dawn upon Gurdon exactly what had happened. In large hotel like the Grand Empire there is no fixed period when the lift is suspended, and consequently it has no standard hour and minute. For this reason the boy had evidently been drugged and carried into the room where he now lay. There was no doubt about that, for it was impossible to make out the slightest semblance of life. Gurdon crossed to the door, and found not to his surprise, that it was locked. His first impulse was to return to his own room and call the night porter; but a strange, wild idea came over him, and he so occurred to him that perhaps Mark Fenwick or the handsome cripple would be interested in the boy.

"I'll wait a bit," Gurdon told himself. "It is just possible that my key will fit this door. Anyway, it was trying to get in."

Gurdon made his way back to his own room again, to return a minute or two later with his key. To his great distress, however, when he stood in a further corridor, close to the cage in which the lift worked irresistibly up and down.

It was in this position that anybody standing there would have been able to carry out any operation of an unusual kind without the knowledge of any one. Gurdon, looking down the lift shaft, until he saw that the cage was once more beginning to ascend. It came up slowly and steadily, and when it was level with the floor on which Gurdon was standing, so that one of the open kind of lifts, so that he could see the cage clearly, he practical purposes, the lift was empty, save for the presence of one man, who was unconscious, so it was evident that the boy was in a position to make quite a close examination of the figure before the whole structure of the hotel was disturbed.

"I need not a second glance to tell Gurdon that the man in the cage was suffering from the same condition which had had his resistance beyond all power of interfering."

"Now, what does all this mean?" Gurdon muttered. "Who is there? Who is there who would be interested in getting these two people out of the way? What do they want to bring up or send down? Well, it is not me, for I am not of the preceding meaning. I think I'll wait and see. No sleep for me."

The lift vanished in the same silent way it had been overhead for some little time, and once more appeared in sight, this time absolutely empty, save for a small square box with iron bars on the corners, which lay on the floor. As the cage descended Gurdon suddenly made up his mind to go to it. He sprang lightly to the top of the falling cage and grasped the rope with both hands. A moment later and he was descending in the darkness.

He could hear, he could judge, the lift went absolutely down to the basement, where, for the time being, there was a warm, damp smell in the air, suggesting fungous, whereby Gurdon knew that he must be in the vaults beneath the hotel. As he descended, he could see that he could make out just in front of him a circular patch of light, which evidently was a coal chute.

He had no need to wait now for the coal to be brought to the structure. He could hear whistled voices and the clang of metal, as if somebody had opened the door of the lift. One of the voices he failed to understand, but with a thrill he recognized the fact that the speaker was talking in either Spanish or Portuguese.

"I think he is dead," said the man that this was the language most familiar to the man who called himself Mark Fenwick. Beyond doubt he will quickly get who he is. This last development with the actors in the dramatic events earlier in the evening.

"Now, don't be long about it," a hoarse voice whispered. "There are two more cases to send up, and two more to come down here. Has that van along, or shall we have to wait until morning?"

"The van is there right enough," another hoarse voice answered. "We have got the strength out on the paves."

"Let me out of this last lot here, and get it up at once."

Gurdon could hear the sound of labored breathing as if the unseen man was straining with a heavy burden. Presently some square object was deposited on the floor of the lift. It slipped from some one's hands, and dropped with a heavy thud, that caused the lift to vibrate like a thing of life.

"Clumsy fool," a voice muttered. "You might have dropped that on my foot. What did you want to let go for?"

"I couldn't help it," another voice grumbled. "I didn't know it was so heavy. Besides, the rope broke."

"Oh, are you going to be there all night?" another voice with a touch of impatience. "Don't forget you have got to bring the man down yet, and see that the boy is taken to his place."

Standing there, holding on to the rope and quivering with excitement,

Gurdon wondered what was going to happen next. Once more he felt himself rising, and an instant later he was in the light again, and found that he had crept his own floor; then he jumped quickly down, taking care as he went to note the box which lay on the floor. A corner of it had been split open by the heavy jar, and some shiny material like sand lay in a little heap, glistening in the rays of the electric light.

Gurdon stood there panting for a moment, and rather at a loss as to what to do. He took one of the boxes of a smaller size. They vanished; and as the lift rose again, Gurdon crept back to the doorway, and thus escaped the observation of two men who now occupied the cage. He just reached the entrance of the lift, and said that one was an absolute stranger, but he was the heart beating slightly faster as he recognized the other as the familiar form of Mark Fenwick. The mystery was beginning to unfold itself.

"That was a close thing," Gurdon said, looking at his bare fist. "I think I had better go back to my room and wait developments. One can't be too careful."

The lift stopped, and still sleeping soundly on the bed; but his features were twisting now, as if already the drug was beginning to lose its effect. The door closed, and Gurdon, and subsequently events proved that he was not far wrong. He was standing in his own room, waiting by the door, his hands clasped behind his back. The two men were standing against each other when the driver put up his hands. When fair in position, the two speedily but the slowest, the very short wheel base produced a pitching action so trying that the lift jolted, and finally affected the popularity of the railway as a means of passenger transit.

(To be continued.)

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Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graver. Worm Exterminator because it relieves them of the woes of suffering and made them healthy.

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Minard's Liniment, Limited.

Some time ago I had a bad attack of Quinsy which laid me up for two weeks and cost a lot of money.

Finding the lamp again forming in Minard's Liniment, and saturating a cloth with the liniment left it on all night.

The next morning the swelling was gone and I attributed the warding off of an attack of Quinsy to the free use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

C. F. WORDEN.

St. John.

How a man does swell up when his opinion turns out better than yours!

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ALWAYS COOL AND SWEET

